

POEM OF THE WEEK

ALL ABOUT ME

It's all about me. I'm not being vain.
I express a belief; I shall explain.
I tell a story; paint it as I might
in shades of black or colours bright.

Talk of doubt, despair; the things that I fear;
express my delight, talk of faults that glare;
wonder in awe at how mean people can be,
or brave and noble; there is no certainty.

Mix in myth, layer it with legend;
make it exciting, make-believe, pretend;
speak in first person or maybe third,
make it witty, profound or absurd.

Speak of universal themes or a busy road,
of battles fought; of seeds unsown;
barren land, visions grand.
What I ask you to understand.

It's all very personal, regardless of how oblique
references might be. My point of view is unique,
not on a cosmic scale (that would be folly)
but as a mode of expression, it is mine wholly.

Like any writer, I make full use of literary device;
to attract your attention. Yes, I throw the dice,
play the odds; present my case. No sales pitch,
I offer it freely. You will decide which is which,

between the self-indulgent and the aesthetically worthwhile;
assess, weigh and measure the wisdom of my style.
There's something deeper, that demands address;
the need to articulate strongly and clearly, proclaim, express.

Call it, if one likes, an existential aloneness that demands response:
an epicentre, from which a sense of identity evolves. Ensclosed
as I might be in my own little world, or struggling to comprehend:
the message is not the medium; the message is the end

(not the means). So, let me tell you a story, sing you a song;
might not be perfect, even if not perfect it cannot be wrong.

Consider a moment, the phenomenon might be collective.
Take a breath, pause a moment, try a retrospective.

I began, it's all about me; yes, no, maybe;
might be a principle at operation possibly:
if we have something in common, it might go like this:
it's about me, about you; about something ambiguous.

Leslie D Bush

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